20c APRIL 23, 1951

# New Republic

## MacARTHUR'S WAR PARTY

AN EDITORIAL

## WHY FOOD PRICES ARE HIGH

By A. G. MEZERIK

## THE RED ARMY'S SECRET

By "Z"

HAROLD L. ICKES ON:
TRUMAN AND MacARTHUR

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Number I in a series: *"Why I Should Read the New Republic"*

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New Republic

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EDITOR: Michael Straight
EDITORIAL DIRECTOR: Bruce Bliven
PUBLISHER: Daniel Mebane
ASSOCIATE EDITOR: Helen Fuller
ASSISTANT EDITOR: Elizabeth Huling
REPORTER: Jean Begeman
CONTRIBUTING EDITORS: Malcolm Cowley, John Farrelly, Harold L. Ickes, Joseph P. Lash, Max Lerner, James R. Newman, Gus Tyler
DEPARTMENTS: Robert Hatch (Chief), Cecil Smith (Music), Saul Carson (Radio and Television), Harold Clurman (Theatre), Lincoln Kirstein (Fine Arts)
COPY ASSISTANTS: Marjorie Stanley, Lucille Davis



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## WASHINGTON WIRE

OUR TELEPHONE rang at 10 minutes to midnight. We staggered to the wire. "Is this T.R.B.?" asked a Voice. We admitted it sleepily. "This is the White House switchboard," said the Voice, "a special press conference has been called at 1 a.m." "Oh," we said, suddenly more awake, "you're going to fire MacArthur?" There was what we took to be a chuckle from the Voice: "There will be no comment till the press conference," it continued, adding chattily, "Are you going to be there?" We thought a minute, rubbing one slipper over the other. "Why should we be there?" we replied. "We said Truman would have to fire MacArthur in the opening paragraph of this column last week. We also said the commotion wouldn't last long. Glad Harry is following our advice! Now let *Time* and *Newsweek* pick it up from here." We went back to bed.

Editorial omniscience only comes to us, unfortunately, shortly before midnight when we are usually asleep. Still, as we look ahead, we see one of the gaudiest shows unfolding that America has ever witnessed. The myth is about to become a man. MacArthur is an austere, elderly soldier whose voice and hands begin to show the cruel signs of age. He plasters a sidelock of hair over a bald head. Behind the stage props of tall-peaked hat, open-throat shirt, corncob pipe and dark glasses there is nevertheless a man of courage, charm and force. Only a general of extraordinary talents could have lived down his unpopular rout of the bonus army in Washington in 1932, the destruction of his airplanes at Clark Field 10 hours after he had received warning of the attack on Pearl Harbor, the inclusion of his son's Chinese ayah (nurse) in the 20 seats available for the official party's escape from Corregidor to Australia in 1942, his declaration to the troops that they would be "home for Christmas," and the dispersal of his forces on the disastrous Yalu drive called by military expert Hanson Baldwin "faulty," "dangerous" and "unsound." We envy Douglas MacArthur. Fate has been good to him. He can enjoy being not merely hero but martyr, too. That is not given to every man. Our advice to him is to avoid Congressional cross-examination if he can, and keep as far from merciless television lights as possible. It is easier to rule Tokyo than to deal with a democracy from which you have been absent 14 years.

Put yourself in the Russians' place; what would they most like us to do, It is simple—involve us, if possible, neckdeep in China. Their very attack on Korea shows the desire. And now it appears that the GOP isolationists are leagued with them. The Asia-firsters are in arms. Taft agrees with MacArthur that the Far East is "the major theatre in the war with Communism." How would the Communists seek to get us further embroiled? Simple again—throw in their air force in Korea in the coming spring offensive. Will they do that? We already know that the Red air force is being extensively enlarged. Here is the basis for Truman's statement Saturday night that the country is in "deadly danger." What Moscow may not realize is that the fires of Korea if they leap to China will almost certainly spread before long to Europe, too.

**Meanwhile** other developments continue. Under oath it develops that Senator McCarthy's chief "investigator" is just the type you would expect: Don Surine was forced to admit he was let out of the FBI under circumstances that seem rather smelly. A scared little Jewish printer, incidentally, testified in the Maryland-Butler inquiry that Surine had "taken him for a ride."

It was revealed that New York Governor Dewey urged that the famous "Hanley letter," in which the lieutenant-

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governor was promised financial rewards for stepping aside to let Dewey run for re-election, be burned so that the public would not learn of it.

Organized labor is back in the defense mobilization set-up, and a big row will soon come, which the press doesn't know about yet, when Price Administrator DiSalle cracks down on high meat prices.

A group of responsible Princeton professors under Dr. Edward Corwin is organizing the defense of the Negroes known as the "Trenton Six," whose third trial for a 1948 murder is under way.

**We suppose** we should be all worked up over the MacArthur row but, perversely enough, for the amusement of the thing, we are making a record for posterity of some of the more extreme utterances in the first caveman yawp of elemental emotion which the incident excited. Perhaps the reader would like to send in some local favorite of his own? The good old Chicago *Tribune* put it simply: "President Truman must be impeached and convicted." Walter Winchell said it was all a British plot. The Tulsa *Tribune* urged "every true and loyal citizen" to "rise in outrage and in indignation." The New York *Journal-American* called it a "crushing blow," the New York *Daily News*, "probably more than the Kremlin even hoped for," while the New York *Daily Mirror* graphically depicted "our shame and sorrow . . . our enemies' ecstasy." Reading these tame comments in contrast to certain Senatorial outbursts we wondered sadly if the press were slipping. We were fortunate to be on hand to hear Senator Jenner (R, Ind.) charge that "This country today is in the hands of a secret inner coterie which is directed by agents of the Soviet Union." Jenner's wild speeches are much admired by the whole press gallery. Naturally enough it was reliable Joe McCarthy who won the prize; in Milwaukee he explained that Truman is surrounded by a treasonable coterie that plies him with "bourbon and benedictine" and that "most of the tragic things are done at 1:30 and 2 o'clock in the morning when they've had time to get the President cheerful." Ho-hum.

*Washington* T.R.B.

## CORRESPONDENCE

### Edna Millay's French

SIR: Those who knew Edna St. Vincent Millay's mastery of French and her concern for accuracy in all languages will read with surprise Mrs. Mary M. Colum's statement (the *NR*, March 12) that the poet was "confused by genders and difficult constructions." It would be interesting to hear Mrs. Colum attempt to support this statement. Not only did the American poet grasp the more difficult passages in Baudelaire, those which had regularly been mistranslated, but she was tireless in her efforts to penetrate every minor allusion and intended obscurity. Her versions are free paraphrases, were presented as such, and since there are various theories of translation, they may be reasonably criticized on various grounds. To suggest, however, that she did not understand what Baudelaire had written will appear absurd to any qualified reader who compares them with the original; it indicates that Mrs. Colum has misunderstood some of the French text.

*Richmond, Va.* GEORGE DILLON

SIR: When the volume of translations of Baudelaire's *Les Fleurs du Mal* by Edna Millay and George Dillon was published in 1936, I reviewed it unfavorably. . . . George Dillon describes Miss Millay's versions as "free paraphrases." I do not regard "free paraphrases" as a fitting way to translate Baudelaire, whose precision is an essential characteristic. If that "qualified reader who compares them with the original" will peruse a few of Miss Millay's versions, his hair may stand on end. For example, let him read "Remords Postume," a forewarning to his mistress of what the tomb will bring:

(Le tombeau)—Te dira: "Que sert, courtisane imparfaite,
De n'avoir pas connu ce que pleurent les morts?"

The literal translation of this is: "[The tomb] will say to you: 'What avails it, imperfect courtesan, not to have known what the dead are weeping for?'"

Miss Millay turns this into:

They fare but ill, vain courtesan, in this cold room
Who bring here no warm memories of true love to keep!

Now the sentiment "Who bring here no warm memories of true love to keep" is completely alien to Baudelaire; it is a purely Millay sentiment. Her version of the stanza immediately before it is nearly as perverse:

Le tombeau, confident de mon rêve infini
(Car le tombeau toujours comprendra le poète),
Durant ces grandes nuits d'où le somme est banni . . .

The literal translation is: "The tomb, the confidant of my unfinished dream (because the tomb will always understand the poet), during these long nights from which sleep is banished . . . ". Miss Millay renders this:

The tomb that knows me well and reads my dream aright
(What poet but confides his secret to the tomb?)
Will say to you some day during that endless night . . .

Here Miss Millay obviously confuses *le somme*, "sleep," with *la somme*, "sum," and so gets "endless" instead of "sleepless" as an adjective for "night." In the first stanza Baudelaire wrote:

Et lorsque tu n'auras pour alcôve et manoir
Qu'un caveau pluvieux et qu'une fosse creuse.

the literal translation of which is: "And when you have for alcove and mansion only a rainy cavern and a hollow ditch." Of this Miss Millay makes:

And have for perfumed alcove and seductive bed
Only a rainy cavern and a hollow ditch.

But to a French reader, probably her most shocking departure would be her turning the famous line in "La Servante":

Les morts, les pauvres morts, ont de grandes douleurs.
(The dead, the poor dead, have great sorrows.)

into: "The dead, poor things, what valid grievances they have!"

The initial mistake of both Edna Millay and George Dillon is that they attempt to approximate the French alexandrine in their translation, and consequently must pad out their lines. Baudelaire padded out is not Baudelaire.

*New York City* MARY M. COLUM

### Used No Part

SIR: Harold Ickes' listing of the Minneapolis *Star* and *Tribune* in his article in the *New Republic* of April 2 as among the "newspapers that have in the past been regarded as too reputable either to invent or to repeat falsehoods" is as pretty a left-handed compliment as we have had in a long time. Thank you.

For the record the *Star* and *Tribune* were offered the tidelands articles by Allen Duckworth but for a number of reasons declined them and used no part of them. GIDEON SEYMOUR

Vice-president and Executive Editor
The Minneapolis *Star* and *Tribune*

*Minneapolis, Minn.*

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New Republic

# MacARTHUR'S WAR PARTY

THE UPROAR that has followed the removal of General MacArthur shows how necessary that removal was. The General had made himself the head of a political clique, mainly but not wholly inside the Republican Party. Only now does the public get a chance to realize how deep was his divisive effort, or how far it had gone.

MacArthur was not a mere soldier taking orders, as he has tried to picture himself. He was the head of an open conspiracy against the policy of the government he was sworn to serve. Long before his dismissal by the President, his attitude and that of his supporters had done much to deepen the split in the American Government, to confuse and weaken our relations with the United Nations, and thereby to hamper the war effort in Korea.

The forceful action of President Truman has stripped the General of the power to interfere directly in the policies of his country any longer. MacArthur must now carry on his political activity in the open without benefit of the military disguise. The common sense of the American people will doubtless reject the undemocratic philosophy of militarism for which he stands when it is nakedly presented to them. However, the clique of which MacArthur is the mouthpiece will not be easily daunted. They are dangerous men, bound together by an evil design which they will be slow to relinquish. It is an incongruous crew made up partly of those who advocate an immediate world war in order to prevent one, and in part of isolationists at heart who support MacArthur on the theory that if he were given his way we could in a few months retire behind our own shores and pull them up over us. His domestic support is the Tory wing of journalism and of politics—the people who scream "Communist" at everyone who disagrees with them, the enemies of Roosevelt who are still fighting his spirit six years after he went to his grave.

Typical of the lost battalion who have found in the General their leader is James H. Rand who has announced that MacArthur will become an official of his Remington-Rand Corporation. The ultra-conservative, ultra-isolationist Rand has admitted long-continued support, including gifts of at least $5,200 to Merwin K. Hart's notorious National Economic Council, long known for its inveterate love of Franco and other dictators and for its doctrines of "white, Nordic supremacy" here at home. Rand's company became famous in the 1930's for perfecting the Mohawk Valley Plan for strikebreaking, widely adopted by anti-labor employers. In his new job MacArthur will be associated with another ex-soldier, former Gen. Leslie R. Groves, now a vice-president of Remington Rand, who was also fired by Truman for attempting to put military authority above civilian control in development of atomic energy.

As his political manager, MacArthur will doubtless retain the services of Gen. Courtney Whitney, his aide in Tokyo, a lawyer who has always been a political rather than a military adviser. The cluster of international big businessmen who frequent the Waldorf Towers and have followed the unglamorous star of Herbert Hoover in the past will be a ready-made court for the deposed General, as well as eager financers of any political projects MacArthur may desire to launch.

There will be rich and unscrupulous men for MacArthur to command in his new role. It is important, therefore, to examine what would happen if the General actually got his way.

**On purely** military grounds, the MacArthur policy of immediate war against China would likely be disastrous.

MacArthur appears to believe that if we engaged in total war with China, Russia would not come in. Russia and China have a mutual defense pact pledging each of them to go to war if the other is attacked by any third power. It is true that Russia has broken many pledges in recent years, but it is inconceivable that she could break this one except at a cost in prestige and power she could not afford to pay.

MacArthur believes we could win a quick victory over China; Japan made the same mistake in 1937. It is straining our military resources today to hold our own in the Korean Peninsula, with masses of South Korean troops engaged and with a dozen other UN nations giving support.

MacArthur believes that Chiang's army on Formosa could successfully invade the mainland without the use of American troops. This army of a few hundred thousand men is practically without equipment of the type needed for an invasion. Remember the long years it

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took the United States to prepare for the Normandy invasion, even with England as a base, and with supply lines thousands of miles shorter; multiply the difficulties of the Normandy landing by 10 and you may be somewhere near the problem a Nationalist invasion presents.

The MacArthur who makes these recommendations is certainly the one who let the entire air force in the Philippines be destroyed on the ground just after Pearl Harbor, the man who divided the army in Korea last November and let it be trapped in one of the worst military reverses of our history.

In the First and Second World Wars, the United States had powerful allies who spilled their blood for us while we were making up our minds that it was our war, too. In the struggle in Korea we were able to persuade the United Nations to join us in putting down aggression; but there would be no such action if we now went to war with Communist China on MacArthur's terms. We would lose our most important ally, Great Britain. We would lose the support of the UN, and that body would be destroyed.

To repeat in words of one syllable what everyone knows except MacArthur and his followers:

The democratic world, and most of all the US, is not yet strong enough in a military sense to fight the Communist bloc on one front, to say nothing of two. We will not be prepared to withstand attack for several years longer. The one overwhelming objective in the meantime is to try to prevent Russia from attacking in Europe which, with its tremendous industrial installations, is the one great prize in the world struggle. If we can hold Europe, we have a good prospect of holding the world; if we lose, victory is against us.

It may be that Russia will strike before we are ready, no matter what we do or don't do. But if MacArthur's advice were followed, if we plunged into the quagmire of China, Stalin would almost certainly strike in Europe, and the United States would be helpless to give the democracies of the West the aid they need and have been promised.

MacArthur's abortive "peace offer" to the Chinese Communists stopped a carefully thought-out proposal of the same character that the United Nations (with the General's knowledge) was about to make. Now that he is out of the way, efforts to end the war on an honorable basis can be pursued. The aggression against South Korea which prompted the UN to take up arms has been successfully checkmated; the invaders have been driven back across the line from which the attack was launched. The war is costing the North Koreans and the Chinese Communists a terrible price. This is the moment for a fresh, determined effort to end the war on terms which will discourage future aggression and strengthen the arm of the UN.

The antagonisms that now divide the world cannot be wiped out in short order. But the desire of peoples all over the world for peace has seldom in history been so great. Patience and steadfastness of purpose are what is called for. These qualities are among the hardest for democracies to develop, but they are nonetheless the essential ones for us to cultivate today. We must perfect the defenses of the free world, always with the objective of a future in which large armament will have no place. The presence of MacArthur in the explosive Far East was a constant danger. His removal permits the resumption of a resolute course toward peace.

## THE WEEK

### KOREAN TWIN LETTERS

Leafing through the appendix to the *Congressional Record* recently, Rep. Melvin Price (D, Ill.) came across a communication which looked familiar. It was a "Letter from Korea," one of hundreds of "beef" notes which Republican Congressmen have been using to back up their criticism of Administration policies. But why should this one strike home, Price asked himself. It had been introduced by Rep. Shepard Crumpacker (R, Ind.) as a reprint from the Michigan City (Ind.) *News Dispatch*.

Checking through back issues of the *Record*, Price found why it had appeared so familiar. Some two weeks previously, Rep. John Bennett (R, Mich.) had introduced an identical letter, except that then it had been signed by another soldier and reprinted from the Marquette (Mich.) *Mining Journal*.

> Myself and a few thousand other GIs would like to know the answers to several questions. . . . Why are we over here? . . . I've yet to hear anyone say he's convinced we ought to be fighting. . . . Why is it that our PX shelves are bare when the black market thrives? . . . Why is it that our engineer battalions have to use trucks made in Japan, while the Koreans use United States equipment and tear it up in a month? . . . Why is it that the British are seen wearing GI field coats and carrying M-1 rifles as they stroll through the PX buying up our scarce items? . . . How is an American soldier supposed to respect his uniform when it's being worn by everyone in the world? . . . You try to answer these questions. We the expendable GIs can't.

Price decided that the coincidence was

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too striking to keep to himself. He brought the matter up on the House floor and asked the Army to make an investigation. In part the letters were not unusual and it might just possibly be that a few soldiers had gotten together to compose a joint letter. But the chances were, as he told the House, that "they are part of some kind of planned campaign against our struggle for freedom." Were Communist propagandists responsible, he asked. "Or is it some other group using our fighting men to undermine our military effort and influence our home front?"

## CAMPAIGN CONDUCT

The hearings on the reprehensible campaign tactics used by Republican Sen. John M. Butler's political henchmen have ended. Unfortunately, neither Senator Butler nor his active backer, Sen. Joseph McCarthy (R, Wis.)—the two key figures in the Maryland election investigation—agreed to testify, although they were repeatedly invited to do so by the Senate committee. Nevertheless, Butler's campaign manager, Jon M. Jonkel, and McCarthy's aides, Jean Kerr and Donald A. Surine, revealed enough in cross-examination to leave a bad taste in the mouths of those interested in good politics.

Surine was caught just short of being cited for contempt regarding his testimony that he had voluntarily resigned from the Federal Bureau of Investigation. The 34-year-old "private eye" for Senator McCarthy, the committee discovered, had been ousted from the FBI while he was working on a "white slave case" in Baltimore. Under questioning by Committee Counsel Edward McDermott (who deserves a great deal of credit for his handling of the entire investigation), Surine admitted he had "violated certain regulations, certain questions of [FBI] policy" and resigned to avoid "disciplinary action," or possibly a demotion. At this point, Sen. Mike Monroney (D, Okla.) introduced the following letter from FBI Director J. Edgar Hoover which cleared up the question:

"On February 9, 1950, Mr. Surine was advised . . . that he was being dropped from the rolls of the FBI. . . . In this connection Mr. Surine did submit his resignation dated February 7, 1950, which was not accepted. . . . [He] was advised that the Bureau's action was taken based upon his disregard of Bureau rules and regulations and no facts had been submitted by him to warrant altering the original action in this case."

There is little doubt that the committee will turn Surine's testimony over to the Department of Justice for a ruling on whether or not he committed perjury. The Senate committee is now working on its report. It will make certain recommendations concerning campaign conduct, the use of composite photographs, and the responsibility candidates must assume for the actions of those working for their election.

## SENATOR JOE TO SHOW

It doesn't really take the Senate subcommittee on the Maryland elections to prove that Sen. Joe McCarthy is involved, ankle deep, in the Maryland race—any reader of a racing form knows that.

Senator Joe's owners and supporters are still protesting what happened to him in a three-horse photo-finish last week in the annual $7,500 Added Laurel Stakes. Senator Joe finished third. Jockey Bobby Mitchell, up on the Senator, screamed in protest, charging unfair (possibly subversive) tactics by the win and place combination. The stewards, the administration of the track, disallowed the protest. According to reliable reports it was not a composite photo.

At the start it looked like the Senator's day. The Washington *Post* said: "Joe had his speed today. He raced Brookmeade's Blue Helmet into defeat to take the lead at the far turn and draw clear. It was the press consensus that Mitchell (up on the Senator) outsmarted himself at the turn and stretch."

The Washington *Star* reported: "From the press box it seemed that Mitchell was guilty of loose riding at the head of the stretch, allowing Senator Joe to drift too far around the final turn."

Bobby Mitchell's background may yet be questioned. According to the *Star:* "Mitchell said that Senator Joe jumped at shadows all the way around the course, taking a particularly long leap at the eighth pole (where a State Department man could have been seated). He thought the colt would have run better with blinkers."

But Senator Joe finished third which in turf parlance means a show. The Senator can usually be depended on for that.

## UMT AND DRAFT

The Administration has won an unexpected victory over the anti-military-expansion bloc in the House by passing a bill that would lower the draft age from 19 to 18 and one half, extend the period of service from 21 to 26 months and take preliminary steps for a Universal Military Training program. The House defeated a substitute measure which would have killed UMT and simply extend the present law for another three years. On the crucial vote, only about 25 Democrats joined 50 Republicans opposing the Administration measure.

At the same time, the House defeated a provision which would allow white draftees to request assignment to units not containing Negroes. Rep. William L. Dawson (D, Ill.), the Georgia-born Negro, warned his colleagues that "the greatest argument the Soviet Union is using among the black peoples of the world to turn them against us is your treatment of me, an American citizen."

## A MEDAL FOR FRANCO

Earle Cocke Jr., National Commander of the American Legion, flew to Spain last week to confer the Legion's gold merit medal on Generalissimo Francisco Franco. The high honor was bestowed because of Dictator Franco's long fight against Dictator Stalin. Cocke cut short his visit with Franco, whom he found "most cordial," to return to Washington where he had an appointment to see President Harry Truman. However, with the decision to fire Gen. Douglas MacArthur pending, the President found it "unnecessary" to see the Legion Commander and cancelled the appointment.

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# TRIAL BY NEWSPAPER

*The Supreme Court last week reversed the convictions for rape of two Florida Negroes on the ground that "Newspapers, in the enjoyment of their constitutional rights, may not deprive accused persons of their right to a fair trial." Below, in large part, is the text of the opinion by Justice Robert H. Jackson, in which Justice Felix Frankfurter concurred, which strikes out against the menace of an irresponsible press.*

On the 16th of July, 1949, a 17-year-old white girl in Lake County, Florida, reported that she had been raped, at the point of a pistol, by four Negroes. Six days later petitioners were indicted and, beginning September 1, were tried for the offense, convicted without recommendation of mercy, and sentenced to death. . . .

But prejudicial influences outside the courtroom, becoming all too typical of a highly publicized trial, were brought to bear on this jury with such force that the conclusion is inescapable that these defendants were prejudged as guilty and the trial was but a legal gesture to register a verdict already dictated by the press and public opinion. . . .

Newspapers published as a fact, and attributed the information to the sheriff, that these defendants had confessed. No one, including the sheriff, repudiated the story. Witnesses and persons called as jurors said they had read or heard of this statement. However, no confession was offered at the trial. The only rational explanations for its non-production in court are that the story was false or that the confession was obtained under circumstances which made it inadmissible. . . .

Neither counsel nor court can control the admission of evidence if unproved, and probably unprovable, "confessions" are put before the jury by newspapers and radio. Rights of the defendant to be confronted by witnesses against him and to cross-examine them are thereby circumvented. It is hard to imagine a more prejudicial influence than a press release by the officer of the court charged with defendants' custody stating that they had confessed, and here just such a statement, unsworn to, unseen, uncross-examined and uncontradicted, was conveyed by the press to the jury.

This Court has recently gone a long way to disable a trial judge from dealing with press interference with the trial process. . . . And the Court, by strict construction of an Act of Congress, has held not to be contemptuous any kind of interference unless it takes place in the immediate presence of the court, *Nye v. United States*, the last place where a well-calculated obstruction of justice would be attempted. No doubt this trial judge felt helpless to give the accused any real protection against this out-of-court campaign to convict. But if freedoms of press are so abused as to make fair trial in the locality impossible, the judicial process must be protected by removing the trial to a forum beyond its probable influence. Newspapers, in the enjoyment of their constitutional rights, may not deprive accused persons of their rights to a fair trial. These convictions, accompanied by such events, do not meet any civilized conception of due process of law. That alone is sufficient, to my mind, to warrant reversal.

But that is not all. Of course, such a crime stirred deep feeling and was exploited to the limit by the press. These defendants were first taken to the county jail of Lake County. A mob gathered and demanded that defendants be turned over to it. By order of court, they were quickly transferred for safekeeping to the state prison, where they remained until about two weeks before the trial. Meanwhile, a mob burned the home of defendant Shepherd's father and mother and two other Negro houses. Negroes were removed from the community to prevent their being lynched. The National Guard was called out; the 116th Field Artillery was summoned from Tampa. The Negroes of the community abandoned their homes and fled.

Counsel for defendants made two motions, one to defer the trial until the passion had died out and the other for a change of venue. These were denied. . . . The trial judge, anxious to assure as fair a trial as possible under the circumstances, was evidently concerned about violence at the trial. He promulgated special rules which limited the number of visitors to those that could be seated . . . required each person entering the courtroom to submit to search, prohibited any person from taking a "valise, satchel, bag, basket, bottle, jar, jug, bucket, package, bundle or other such item" to the courtroom . . . prohibited demonstrations of any nature and made various other regulations, all of which the sheriff was charged to enforce and to that end was authorized to employ such number of deputies as might be necessary. Such precautions, however commendable, show the reaction that the atmosphere which permeated the trial created in the mind of the trial judge. . . .

The only chance these Negroes had of acquittal would have been the courage and decency of some sturdy and forthright white person of sufficient standing to face and live down the odium among his white neighbors that such a vote, if required, would have brought. To me, the technical question of discrimination in the jury selection has only theoretical importance. The case presents one of the best examples of one of the worst menaces to American justice. It is on that ground that I would reverse.

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# OUTSIDE AMERICA

## INEQUALITY IN FRANCE

THE CITY of Paris has just had the longest, the most crippling, the most nerve fraying of the 25 bus and subway strikes it has suffered since the end of the war. The problems of ordinary existence were complicated by various kinds of parallel strikes on the railroads, in the gas and electricity services and in the metal and mining industries. "Suffered" is the right word for the transport tie-up. The Parisians stumbled and grumbled through it. No one liked the revival of some of the worst discomforts of the wartime Occupation period, least of all the transport workers themselves.

Newspapers on the Right blamed Communist leadership. The *Figaro* said:

> The workers have enough good sense to realize that the only real chance Frenchmen have to improve their well-being, other than in illusory and nominal ways, is by the maximum use of our productive resources, by increased production—in sum, by work. . . . A nation's revenue comes only from its production, and every strike is inevitably a source of general impoverishment. . . . The obstinacy of strike leaders bent on exploiting the workers' claims for their own political ends has caused great losses to the French economy.

In the present French context, the diagnosis contains some serious perversions of fact. And the perversions are important because the *Figaro* is the voice of the most ardently pro-American forces in French industry and business.

French labor has *not* fallen down on the job of production, these and other strikes notwithstanding. French production is now at a record high level. The production of coal in January was nearly five million tons, an all-time high. Steel output was 830,000 tons against 518,000 before the war. General production was some 40 percent higher than before the war. But in January alone, the price of food rose more than 10 percent.

Moreover, while the transport strike was still on, the French Government raised other prices—10 percent for electricity, five for gas and domestic coal. The *Franc Tireur* of Paris pointed out that the government was reversing the old relation between wages and prices. Once wages went up first and prices followed later on. Now the prices are being boosted first. And as for the Communist role in the drama, the *Force Ouvriere*, the national labor union created on an anti-Communist basis, has been demanding a rise of 4,850 francs monthly in lowest-scale wages as against the offer of 2,250 francs. (The official rate is 350 francs to the dollar; the "free" rate, 400 to the dollar.)

**Maurice Schumann,** who ought to know, is responsible for the statement that only one businessman in France reported an annual income of more than 2.5 million francs on his return on the surtax on industrial and commercial profits. That means that so far as taxes are concerned, no French big businessman earned more than about $7,000 in 1950. Moreover, according to Schumann, about 100,000 businessmen reported that they earned less than 100,000 francs. On the other hand, 2.2 million wage earners, with an average income of 300,000 francs, paid 41.5 percent of the total of taxes collected. Naturally the French budget is far out of balance. The French businessmen's pro-Americanism in world politics is accompanied by an unwillingness to accept domestically the modernization of capitalism along American lines, let alone socialist or even democratic lines.

An overwhelming majority of the French stand with the Americans on the side of democracy. But for a majority within that majority, the stand is weakened and made less stable by the nature of democracy in France in 1951. In American terms, it simply is not democratic. Harold Callender, the Paris correspondent of the New York *Times*, who can scarcely be accused of sympathy with Communism, points out the danger of the American tendency to talk about democracy and capitalism as if they had the same meaning in Western Europe as they have in the US. He writes:

> Little if any distinction is made between what Europeans call capitalism and the economy that exists in the United States, considered the classical capitalist country. . . . In offering to the world a superior alternative to Communism, we cannot afford to let this alternative be identified with the slow-motion capitalism of Western Europe. . . . What European workers know is, first, that their capitalism keeps them poor and, second, that the rearmament of the Western world—in which the United States takes the lead—has brought in Europe an inflation that threatens even their low living standards. It is therefore not hard for the Communists to argue that capitalism is inimical to the welfare of the workers and that it prepares to attack the Soviet Union, where prices go down, not up.

Even *Time* admits that the French businessman

> is committed to primitive practices of monopoly, high profits, speculation, low wages and—if he gets his wish—early retirement from business to more "aristocratic" pursuits. . . . He behaves like a bourgeois propaganda picture of a feudal chief.

But this said, *Time* (and other organs of American business) can find a solution only in a prescription for French political stability, which seems an invitation to Gen. Charles de Gaulle. No matter how justified American labor's objections to Charles E. Wilson may be, he is a thousand times better as a modern economic mobilizer for production, hence against Communism, than de Gaulle would be for French labor.

**Perhaps the best** solution for American and French labor would be to send Wilson to France as General Eisenhower's economic-mobilizer counterpart. Failing in that, it would be well for American policy-makers to recognize that for the rest of 1951 the front-line of the battle against Communism in France is in the sector, not of phony stabilization of politics through crypto-dictatorship, but of getting tough with antediluvian big business.

*Paris* PERCY WINNER

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# RUSSIA'S PSYCHOLOGICAL ARMAMENT

by "Z"

IN ORDER to understand the nature of the Soviet armed forces it is essential to grasp clearly that they are first the armed forces of a party and only second those of a nation. It would be misleading to concentrate on the number of aircraft, divisions or tanks, or even on the potentialities of the Soviet war industries, without considering first and foremost the party, particularly its attitude to war, its writings on war as an instrument of policy, and then the kind of psychological atmosphere which has been created among the millions of people subject to the Kremlin, who are now under arms or likely to be called to the colors in the event of war. For it is only if these points are understood, especially the attitude of the ordinary Soviet soldier, that the strength and weakness of the Soviet forces . . . can be assessed.

One of the chief doctrines of the party which controls the Soviet armed forces is that war is a product of class society; accordingly, so long as the capitalist system (by which is understood everything non-Soviet) continues to exist, so long will there be wars. Further, in the sacred writ which bears the title "A Short Course in the History of the CPSU (B)" it is said that Bolsheviks approve of a *just* war, which has as its aim defense against external attack or the liberation of peoples from capitalist slavery or colonial peoples from the yoke of imperialists. Similarly, the dialectical and historical materialism which serves as a theoretical basis and philosophy of Bolshevism teaches that the liberation of the working class from the capitalist yoke is inconceivable otherwise than through revolution; the class struggle must be developed to its logical conclusion, that is in the violent armed overthrow of the capitalist system—in short, to war.

This philosophy forms the cornerstone of the military thought of the Kremlin. There are many passages in the works of Lenin and Stalin to amplify it. But the important thing to note is, first, that this attitude has become so deeply rooted in the consciousness of the ordinary man in the Stalinist Empire, that any talk about peace which does not imply the forcible destruction of capitalism seems to him to be empty words. When he is asked during his political training whether he wants peace, he gives the following perfectly simple answer: "Of course I do, but for that capitalism must first be liquidated."

The second thing to note is that, according to Soviet doctrine, any war against Britain and America would be a *just* war, because it would pursue the aims stated above; on the other hand, any war against the Soviet Union would be *unjust.* It is on this formula that the whole psychological training of the armed forces of the Soviet Union rests. That is all that Ivan is required to know; that much he has assimilated like a religious doctrine and nothing can unconvince him, since there are no opposition parties. There is not even the flights of his own fancy. If an armed soldier knows that he is doing something just, and that his opponent is doing something unjust, then his strength to fight will be immeasurably greater than it would be if such a conviction were absent. Stalin attaches special importance to this and he considers that there can be no question of his armed forces being strong without a thorough assimilation of the principles of the just and unjust war.

**The logical result** of all this is that the Soviet Union is one of the most highly militarized states that has ever existed. . . . The Soviet press does not give even a hundredth part of the truth. At endless meetings of the party, Komsomol, trade union and other organizations, the word "war" is driven into people's consciousness without any beating about the bush. In thousands of lectures, reports, films, plays, exhibitions, monuments, placards, books and journals the soldier is portrayed as a physical and spiritual superman, as a very paragon of cleverness, ability, uprightness. The glamor of uniform, the clink of medals and the roll of drums turn the heads of men whose judgment is not burdened by any more weighty considerations. The cult of fanatical devotion to the party of Lenin and Stalin is being propagated by making use of the heroes of the last war, who are sometimes real but more often invented. The military profession has become the most honorable in the Soviet Union. From all this propaganda the ordinary soldier and citizen concludes that the aims and tasks of the Red Army are indeed sacred.

Parallel to this one must remember the attitude of those in high places. It is reported that when Poskrebyshey told Stalin that the Pope was preparing to send him a note of protest, Stalin exclaimed in surprise, "A note of protest from the Pope? And how many divisions has he in order to send us notes?" At a meeting of the Politburo Stalin once said to me: "If we have superpowered rocket bombers which are able to fly to New

"Z" is a signature used to conceal the identity of a former staff officer of the Red Army. His article is reprinted from "The Economist" (London).

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York and Washington, then Mr. Shopkeeper Truman can be put in a straitjacket. We live," he added, "in a crazy age, in an age when force becomes the only effective diplomacy." Many comments of the same sort have been made by his son, Gen. Vassili Stalin, who once said: "Problems are decided by bombers and not by notes of protest."

What, then, is the atmosphere created among Soviet people by all this? It is perhaps a strange term to use, but it could be summed up as "Soviet patriotism." Few people in the West seem to understand what this phrase means, and it should therefore be useful to record a few facts about it. Up to 1922, the Russian Federation was designated in the minds of Soviet people as "our country." Between 1922 and 1939, outer Mongolia and the whole of Turkestan became "our country." In 1939-40, the title was extended to include Eastern Finland, Estonia, Latvia, Lithuania, Western White Russia, Western Ukraine, Bessarabia and Burkovina. Between 1942 and 1946, the title was extended to East Prussia, Memel, the Kurile Islands, Dairen, Port Arthur, Southern Sakhalin and the Carpathian Ukraine. What guarantee is there that tomorrow "our country" will not comprise Bulgaria, Poland, Rumania and Czechoslovakia? The Soviet Union is a state whose frontiers have not been finally established. If Turkey becomes Soviet tomorrow, Ankara will become "our country"; if England becomes Soviet, London will become "our country." Everything depends on the success of the world revolution. From this arises the peculiar implication of the words "Soviet patriotism." It is a means of coercing people of many races to fight for the aims of the Politburo, of creating mass fanaticism, and a blind willingness to die in the name of any aims which the Kremlin may have. The model "Soviet patriot" is the man who cries even on the gallows: "Long Live Stalin!"

One could point to many examples of how, in the last war, hordes of inadequately armed fanatics advanced without crouching, but with cries of "Hurrah," against lines of deadly machine guns. Such people were robots, machines on two feet. Of course, the whole army does not consist of such robots. Nevertheless, for 24 hours a day military commissars are working at the job of creating them; and in the rear the job is being done by party, Komsomol and trade union organizations. All this must be taken into account.

# GEORGIA'S "BIG SMEAR"

**by Harold Curtis**

THE "BIG SMEAR" has been a standard technique in Southern politics since long before the advent of Sen. Joe McCarthy (R, Wis.). Georgia's Governors, the late Eugene Talmadge and now his son, Herman, have built a political dynasty mouthing racist epithets. People who care about such things felt that an alliance of Talmadgism and McCarthyism was bound to come sooner or later. When it did come, last month in Atlanta, Georgians were shocked.

Machinery for the witch hunt was set up, unwittingly, by the Georgia legislature early this year when it established a joint House-Senate committee to investigate the State Welfare Department. Appointed as chairman was Rep. J. Bush Mims, a backwoods lawyer from South Georgia, known for his adherence to Talmadge, a violent temper and an abiding faith in his own infallibility.

On March 1 he peremptorily summoned Miss Loretta Chappell, director of the Welfare Department's Child Welfare Division, and charged her with being "a Red from the bottom of your feet to the top of your head." By way of substantiation, he proclaimed that Miss Chappell had signed a petition for a permanent FEPC in 1946. He also flourished several books seized from the Child Welfare Division's library—such works as Reuter's *The American Race Problem*, Dollard's *Caste and Class in a Southern Town* and Deutsch's *Our Rejected Children*. Most damning of all was a copy of *New Russia's Primer*, written by one M. Ilin, and bearing on the fly-leaf the handwritten name "Van Dusseldorf."

Miss Chappell, who has been with her division 17 years, freely admitted that she had signed an FEPC petition, that the books were in the library to be read, and that she was acquainted with a former social worker whose name was indeed Van Dusseldorf. Why did she sign the petition? Because "our President requested such legislation." Was Van Dusseldorf a German or a Russian name? As a matter of fact, it was Dutch. Whereupon Mims exploded that the ominous-sounding Van Dusseldorf was obviously a Red and Miss Chappell a fellow-traveler. At this point, without granting Miss Chappell an opportunity to be heard in full, the committee adjourned until March 26.

Informed Georgians needed little briefing to see the dangerous pattern: character assassination was being used to put political spoils within the reach of unscrupulous, power-hungry men. Welfare payments, the licensing of children's homes, placement of adoptive babies—

Harold Curtis is a pseudonym for a well-known Georgia political analyst.

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these are potent tools in the hands of "practical" politicians. Aid to dependent children offers a special advantage since 70 percent of the funds for that program in Georgia are furnished by the federal government.

Alan Kemper, the Talmadge-appointed director of the Welfare Department, announced publicly that Miss Chappell had long been a thorn in his side. He managed to affirm his anti-welfare work attitude and his scorn for its practitioners by declaring, "I sometimes think all social workers are abominations."

**When the committee** reconvened on March 26, Miss Chappell was prepared to launch a counter-offensive of her own. She was represented by a group of able lawyers and had behind her the public support of many respectable citizens and organizations, among them the Georgia Chapter of the American Association of Social Workers and the Daughters of the American Revolution.

Miss Chappell comes of a very old and distinguished Georgia family, and her statement to the committee had all the dignity of that heritage:

> As far as my loyalty to this state is concerned, let me say that I am Georgia-born, Georgia-raised and Georgia-minded. I conceive it to have been the tradition of Georgia women to stand up for the helpless, and particularly for the children of all races and creeds. . . .
>
> I am not a Communist nor a Communist sympathizer and have never been either. As a lover of books, I think they should be read; the Communists think they should be banned. I welcome truth and loathe wild charges, unsubstantiated assertions and character assassinations. These are well-known Communist methods. I want to see peace and amity between all men and races of men; Communists foment race and religious hatred. . . . Mr. Mims's wild and irresponsible charge of Communism is the very type of un-American conduct which in the end tends to set American against American, sow the seeds of distrust and disunity, divide our country and weaken it before its dreadful enemies —the real Communists.

The defense attorney pointed out the elementary fact that prominent people throughout the country had petitioned for fair-employment legislation. He produced a copy of *New Russia's Primer*—drawn from the Atlanta public library. (It was a Book-of-the-Month selection in the early thirties and was described by reviewers as profitable reading for any intelligent person over 14, since it showed so clearly the naïveté of Soviet doctrine.)

Mims met this counter-attack with all the bigotry and provincialism in his makeup. He had called Miss Chappell a Red, he thundered, and a Red she was. Everybody knew that the Communists' main objective in the South was to "commingle the races," and the child-welfare director was helping them do it. As a final, clinching piece of evidence, he produced a witness who testified that Miss Chappell had supported a move in Atlanta's Unitarian Church to admit Negroes to membership. Could there be any doubt that she had been "disloyal to her state and the section in which she lives?"

An impressive array of character witnesses for Miss Chappell was subjected to a crude catechism aimed at detecting such heresy. The courage and intelligence of some of the replies confounded even the rabid Mr. Mims. One prominent Atlanta physician, having testified to Miss Chappell's integrity, was asked:

"Do you advocate the commingling of the races in the churches?"

"Jesus Christ did," the witness replied.

"I didn't ask you that!" retorted Mims angrily. "Do *you* believe in it?"

The long pause that followed was full of the tragedy of a sensitive, conscientious person caught up in a backward social system. Finally the witness answered: "I have not advocated that. But in so far as I do not believe in it, to that extent I am less than a Christian."

**Miss Chappell** having proved none too satisfactory a victim, the committee turned its attention to her subordinates. One by one, nearly 30 employees of the Child Welfare Division were brought before the committee and grilled on segregation and FEPC.

Under questioning, Miss Russell Brinson, personnel officer, admitted readily that she had signed a fair-employment petition. "I still believe in equal job opportunities," she added, "and I would sign that same petition again today."

Miss Opal Futch, the division's senior child consultant, testified to her belief that "segregation does deprive people of equal opportunity. . . . We should work slowly toward an eventual breakdown of segregation barriers." Mims magnanimously classified Miss Futch as merely "a misguided person following the Communist Party line."

It was with obvious relief that the inquisitors finally heard two welfare workers swear that they did *not* favor the elimination of segregation. Mims and another committee member praised the two women for "thinking like we do" and declared that one of them ought to be promoted.

At present, Miss Chappell is still director of Georgia's Child Welfare Division and her staff remains intact—no one can say for how long. But the question raised by their inquisition is the nation's concern and will be so for a long time to come.

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# DATING THE PAST

by Ruth Moore

A BIT OF BONE from some long-extinct animal or a scrap of charcoal from a fire at which prehistoric man may have warmed himself has its own life date written within it. Atomic physics and the unstable nature of radioactive carbon—Carbon-14—have made it possible to determine the age of any organic material.

Dr. Willard F. Libby and Dr. James Arnold of the Institute for Nuclear Studies of the University of Chicago have developed this revolutionary new dating tool by proving, first, that all living things are radioactive, and second, that after death this radioactivity is lost at a fixed rate. The older any fragment may be, the less radiation it gives off. Age is thus easy to measure.

With this unprecedented process, Dr. Libby and Dr. Arnold and a worldwide group of co-operating scientists already have established that: The polar ice cap which once covered much of this Continent retreated a mere 11,000 years ago instead of the 20,000 years ago previously estimated. Man was roaming the Western part of this country soon after the ice was gone, and 4,000 years before the first Egyptians moved into Egypt.

A new calendar for the dim, hidden reaches of the prehistoric past can now be developed. Instead of having to rely solely upon such indirect evidences as thickness of deposits and tree rings, scientists now have an instrument which measures age almost as accurately as a thermometer does the degree of heat or cold.

The Carbon-14 which has opened this new access to the past is the same as the radioactive carbon made in atomic piles. But by another of the fantastic contrasts which characterize this development, the Carbon-14 that figures in dating prehistoric time originates in space.

Some five miles out from the surface of the earth, the cosmic rays, raining down from the farther universe, collide with the nitrogen in the earth's atmosphere. Out of the nuclear collision comes an unstable, radioactive carbon—Carbon-14. Its radioactive life will last for about 20,000 years, and in 5,568 years half of its radioactivity will be gone. In scientific terms it is said to have a half life of 5,568 years. As soon as it is created Carbon-14 begins to mix with the atmosphere. There is only an infinitesimal amount of it compared to the ordinary carbon in the air, but like ordinary carbon it is combined with oxygen in the form of carbon dioxide. This is the $CO_2$ which plants breathe. It is the stuff they photosynthesize into food.

Ruth Moore is a member of the news staff of the Chicago "Sun-Times." She has covered many science stories for newspapers and magazines.

Carrying this chain a step further, Dr. Libby reasoned that all plants would be radioactive, and this would be passed along to animals that eat the plants and to man who eats both the plants and animals. He predicted, in short, that all living things would be radioactive with Carbon-14. To test this assumption, Dr. Libby and Dr. A. V. Grosse of Temple University, with their collaborators, ran methane gas, an organic gas derived from sewage, through a supersensitive Geiger counter. It contained Carbon-14 in the expected concentration! There is about one-trillionth of a gram of $C_{14}$ to each gram of ordinary $C_{12}$.

But would Carbon-14 be found in the same concentration in all living matter? Dr. Libby and Dr. E. C. Anderson began a worldwide assay of "natural radiocarbon." Co-operating scientists in nearly all sections of the world except Russia and China sent him carefully selected samples to test—wood, shell, bone, peat. To determine whether altitude or latitude could have any varying effect the specimens were selected from all climates, from mountain tops, from the depths of the sea.

**Regardless** of where it came from all living matter contained Carbon-14 and in constant proportion. Thus the indisputable conclusion was: All organic things are radioactive. But, it was another quality of Carbon-14, its instability, that led to the past. When any living thing dies or ceases its relation to the atmosphere, it no longer takes in Carbon-14. From that point on its Carbon-14 radioactivity begins to diminish. At the moment of death and during life, Carbon-14 gives off 15.3 "disintegrations" per minute per gram. After 5,568 years it clicks off only 7.65 "disintegrations." After 11,136 years they are down to 3.83. After about 25,000 years so little radioactivity is left as to make dating by this method impossible.

Here was an obvious way to measure time. By one of the unexpected twists of science atomic physicists had hit upon a measuring stick for archeology. Again the question was, would such measurements pan out? The excited world of archeology appointed a special committee to work with Dr. Libby in a thorough test. On the committee were Frederick Johnson, Peabody Museum, Andover, Mass.; Richard Flint, Yale University geologist; Froelich Rainey, University of Pennsylvania Museum; and Donald Collier of the Chicago Natural History Museum (Field Museum).

With great selectivity they first sent to Dr. Libby samples from artifacts of known age. Dr. Collier took

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over to the university laboratory a few ounces of wood from the mortuary boat of Sesostris III, a pharaoh of Egypt who had been thus outfitted for his journey into the after-world about 3,750 years ago. Using a special chemical process, Dr. Libby and his associates reduced the ancient wood to pure carbon and ran it through their special Geiger counter. The counter ticked off an age of 3,621 years, an error of about 130 years.

The story was the same with other samples of known age. Dr. Libby tested a bit of corewood from the centennial sequoia, a giant redwood felled in 1874. Studies had shown 2,905 rings from the innermost portion of the tree to the outside. The counter dated the wood sample at 2,710 years, plus or minus a possible error of around 200 years. This time a record of nature, written in wood, stacked up with the Geiger counter.

Beyond 4,000 or 5,000 years ago history fades away. In the long stretches of time before any records were left, geologists and archeologists map broad sequences of climatic and human changes. Having tested the Carbon-14 method with the known, the scientists began to feed into Chicago prehistoric samples of which the age was only relatively established. Some charcoal from the famous Lascaux cave in France—a cave where some remarkable early paintings were found—was shown by its Carbon-14 content to date back 15,000 years. Plant debris from an ancient glacial bed near London had lost so much of its radioactivity it was dated at more than 20,000 years. From Gypsum Cave near Las Vegas came a few ounces of the dung of the great sloth, which had been found in 1931 six feet below the surface and showed an age of 10,000 years.

From such fragments and remains and the picture they revealed, the scientists began to piece together a changed story of early man and his environment. During a brief retreat of the ice cap which once covered much of the Continent, some spruce trees grew in what is now known as the Two Creeks, Wisconsin, Forest Bed. Then the weather turned colder again and the glaciers once more crept forward. The trees, all pointing southwest, were mowed down, and are now found buried under a sheath of glacial rubble. These trees dated back 11,000 years.

By fixing the date of this last advance and retreat of the ice at 11,000 years ago instead of the 20,000 science previously had set, Dr. Libby indicated that man could have appeared here much later than anyone had dared think. The earliest evidences coincided with this timing. Several pairs of woven sandals, which were found in a cave in Oregon, had lost enough radioactivity to show that they went back 9,000 years. Along with the typical Folsom arrow points, that occur in a number of deposits in various parts of the country, were charred fragments of the bones of a now extinct kind of bison. Scientists long had argued over whether the two were contemporaneous. Carbon-14 revealed that the bones were about 10,000 years old, and thus that the bison probably had been killed by Folsom arrows shot by the Folsom man. (The word "Folsom" comes from the town of Folsom, New Mexico, where these artifacts were first discovered.) There is no evidence of man on the East coast until about 5,000 years ago. Some material recovered from an ancient fish weir under Boylston Street in Boston went back to that date.

**Dr. Libby's** Geiger counters also clicked out the story of man's change from a roving hunter into a supposedly settled town dweller and farmer. It looks as though this transition began about 7,000 years ago. Land snail shells uncovered in the first-known agricultural settlement at Jarmo in Iraq were dated by Dr. Libby as of 5,000 B.C. Mexico by the measurement of Carbon-14 had early villages about 7,000 years ago. Some material from the center of the Pyramid of the Sun by contrast dated at 300 B.C.

Down in Peru early inhabitants left behind them some sturdily woven rope. More than 200 feet of it have survived. A few ounces in Dr. Libby's counters showed an age of 1,000 B.C. Farther south much earlier materials were found. From some samples which came in, Dr. Libby placed man at the Straits of Magellan 8,000 years ago. The Mexican and South American dates developed in the counters have challenged the previous prehistoric timetable for that part of the world. Some of the most ancient samples did not go back as far as scientists had thought. Some of the more recent ones proved to be older than they had previously been assayed. Carbon-14 dating has tended to close a gap in early Central and South American dawn history. It is expected that Carbon-14 will also make it possible to correlate the Mayan and Christian calendars. Although many events can be fixed in the Mayan calendar there was no certainty of where they fitted in with Christian time.

About 200 samples have been tested so far. Scientists will appraise the findings in a forthcoming issue of *American Antiquity*, the publication of the Society for American Archeology. It is an open secret that their verdict will be: Carbon-14 is an invaluable new tool for dating the past.

As far as Dr. Libby was concerned the tests were made primarily to prove a theory and method. He will continue work on refinements that may make it possible further to pin-point dates and to date material running back to 30,000 years. After that it will be up to the archeologists to carry on.

So it is that the secrets of the past are being pried out by the tools of the atomic age. Carbon-14 has linked the new with the ancient.

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# ARE FARMERS GETTING THE GRAVY?

by A. G. Mezerik

FOOD PRICES are too high. No doubt about that. Justifiably indignant housewives get new proof of skyrocketing prices with every trip to the butcher and the grocer. Men pay soaring restaurant checks with a rising gorge which wipes out, in a fit of indigestion, any vestige of enjoyment in dining. Who is to blame?

Headlines such as "Farmers Fattening on Price Law" and "Farmers Get the Gravy," editorials and radio experts—demanding an end to subsidies and benefits for farmers—have fanned a fire designed to place all the blame for high food prices on the farmer. The campaign has caught on. In food stores, the customers mutter epithets against greedy farmers. Angry letters to editors call for an end to their privileged position.

The facts show that the farmer is not the villain of the piece. Not long ago Sen. Burnet Maybank (D, S.C.) pointed out that when wheat was $2.81 a bushel, in June, 1948, a pound loaf of bread sold for 13.8 cents. Then the price paid the farmer for his wheat started down, until in October, 1950, after Korea, it brought only $1.91 a bushel. Despite the drop in wheat prices, a pound loaf of bread went up to 14.7 cents, the result of processors', and not farmers', price boosts.

Increased markups are being taken at an unprecedented rate at every stage between the farmer and the consumer. Price control, which never controls but always threatens, has proved to be a bonanza for the big corporations which process and handle food after it leaves the farm. The National City Bank of New York has just released its report on net income of leading corporations in 1950. Meat packers increased their profits 63 percent over the previous year; sugar processors upped their profits 35 percent; and the corporations which process other food products increased their profits by an average of 14 percent. While all this was taking place, the farmer's income dropped.

Not that it would have been fatal if farmers had been able to improve their income position by quite a lot, for agriculture, unlike industry or even labor, has had a diminishing income over the last three years. The net income realized by all farm opertors dropped from a peak of almost $18 billion in 1947 to $16.5 billion in 1948. It declined again to $14 million in 1949 and sunk to a postwar low of $13 billion in 1950, a drop of 27 percent in three years.

Compare the farmer's position with that of other groups of the population. Wages in 1950 were 18 percent above the 1947 level, which is not to say that they were keeping pace with the rise in cost of living. In what labor got, or gets, cannot be found the answer to the rising price of foods. The story of corporate profits over the last three years reveals where the bulk of the money now being taken from food purchasers really goes. Corporate profits have mounted from $18.5 billion in 1947 to the present rate of more than $24.5 billion annually. In terms of numbers of people involved, the comparison as between the income of farmers and of corporations is doubly startling. Eighteen percent of the population, over 27 million people, live on farms. They, among their tremendous number, divide the 10 percent of the national income represented in the $13 billion total agricultural net income last year. A person on a farm averaged, in 1950, only about half of that received in urban areas. Of America's 5.7 million farms, two million, according to a very recent report by the Joint Economic Committee of Congress, produce less than $1,800 of farm products, including the value of food used by the farm family. Contrast this with the 61,000 people who, according to the Securities and Exchange Commission, draw half of all the dividends in American corporations.

**This reveals** a story quite different from that which is told by newspapers and radio, as indeed there is another side to their story on subsidies and parity. Subsidies to farmers—unlike the $3.5 billion presently being given to industry in the form of tax amortization—are made synonymous with Communism, socialism and un-Americanism. But during the last war, subsidies not only held food prices in check but increased needed production. Once subsidies were instituted it was possible to roll back prices, and in December, 1944, the cost of foods was actually 4 percent below May, 1943, while farm production was 25 percent over 1939.

Had subsidies not been used, every farm-price increase would have been progressively augmented by profit percentage hikes at each stage of marketing—setting in motion an inflationary cycle much like the present calamity which probably has already cost the government more than all the subsidies paid during the last war.

Most city newspapers are directing their fire not only against subsidies but against parity, a price theory which

A. G. Mezerik, industrial consultant and magazine writer, is the author of several books dealing with economic and political problems, the most recent of which is "The Pursuit of Plenty."

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seems veiled in mystery. Parity came into being to insure that the farmer's income would rise or fall with the prices which he pays for the necessities of living and farming. The materials the farmer buys went up 1.5 percent, a new record, from February 15 to March 15 of this year. His income dropped one percent in this same period. Parity seeks to keep a balance in this situation. It therefore has an easy parallel in the cost-of-living clauses in union contracts and, in a sense, it operates just that way, where it operates.

Secretary of Agriculture Brannan reports that "many of the farm items have never in all their history come anywhere near parity." Right now wheat is 22 percent below the parity figure; corn, 13 cents a bushel under; oats, 11 cents; and so it goes with milk, chickens, eggs and other products. Yet the prices of these foods, over the retail counter, are sky high. Meat, however, is not only above the parity price, but it is almost out of reach at the butcher's. Livestock prices should be regulated, and the wings on which the packers and middlemen are soaring should be clipped.

The Department of Agriculture has disclosed that the cost of bringing a pound of beef from the farm to the retail counter is now nearly four times as high as it was in 1945—the margin having increased from six cents to 22 cents for every pound. For all meats the handling cost has almost trebled, moving from eight cents to 22.5 cents per pound in five years. The Department of Agriculture has permitted the packers to upgrade their meats. "Commercial-grade" beef is now legally called "good." The consumer, spending 30 percent of her budget on meat, pays, as a result, the same or more for an inferior cut. What the Big-Four packers get out of all this is explicit enough. In 1950, their net profits totaled $43 million as compared to the $26 million which they earned in 1949.

Presently, the government seems less determined about instituting real price control for meats than about guaranteeing the Big-Four packers continuance of these record profit levels. The government has barred any new packing or slaughtering plants—the reason: the new plants might contribute to black marketing. In effect, this stymies the attempts of the South, now becoming a large-scale livestock region, from setting up independently owned plants—a goal already strewn with obstacles by the big packers. Nationally, the result of this government edict is to protect the vested interests of the big packers everywhere.

Over the entire food front, the middleman's share of the amount paid by the consumer is overwhelmingly large, and the farmer's share, surprisingly small. Secretary Brannan recently released some figures which may help city people to understand just what this relationship is. Milk doubles in price within a very few hours after it leaves the farmer. For the corn inside a 19 cent can, the farmer gets 2¾ cents. His share of a 16 cent can of tomatoes is three cents. Onions for which you pay six cents a pound have brought the farmer one cent. Cabbage brings him even less. This same kind of situation exists with regard to clothing. The cotton in a shirt for which you pay $3.50 or $4 brought the farmer 30 cents. The wheat in the loaf of bread selling for 15 cents or more brings him 2 2/3 cents. The price of a loaf of bread has increased 1.7 cents per pound since Korea.

**Perhaps the desire,** so fervently expressed by special interests, to place the blame for every rise in food prices on the shoulder of the farmers has motives quite different from a beneficent regard for the pocketbook of the consumer. Some farm leaders see the present campaign as preparation for a big business drive against the farming population, scheduled to follow the current effort to put labor in the doghouse, for the purpose of guaranteeing the skyrocketing profits of corporations which have resulted from lack of real controls.

Says James G. Patton, president of the Farmers Union: "Month after month, we farmers were told that labor's wages were responsible for the high prices we pay for gasoline, oil, fertilizer, chemicals and machinery. We knew better, the profit figures of the corporations told us that. Now labor is being told that it is the farmer who should be blamed. Both attacks are part of the same offensive—to freeze the worker into a rigid wage pattern and keep the farmer in his familiar depressed position."

Labor—its education having been hurried by the events of the past months—sees it about the same way. Philip Murray summed up labor's attitude as follows: "We know that food prices are too high but we are convinced that the reasons for prices being so high go back more to the unprecedented billions garnered by big business last year than to the sum, approximately half that amount, which was divided among 20 million farmers. . . ."

Meanwhile all the necessities needed by farmer and worker continue their inexorable march toward the stratosphere. The farmer is told that it is the worker who is responsible. Labor and the middle class are harangued to the point where they may well believe that it is the farmer who gouges them. The answer to today's high prices is neither in labor nor the farmer. It is to be found in real controls exercised across the boards. Real controls include control of corporate profits—or has that idea, under the barrage of big business propaganda, become un-American?

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# HAROLD L. ICKES: *Truman Has the Last Word*

GENERAL MACARTHUR, the world's champion talker, has talked himself out of his job. By methods that were highly improper and reprehensible in a subordinate military officer, he had studiously worked himself into a strong political position. He was not content to be the supreme commander of both the United Nations and the United States forces in the Far East. He wanted to exercise the powers of the President himself. His open defiance of the suggestions and even of the positive directives of his superiors left President Truman no choice to do other than that which he did. In effect, in imitation of Salome, he presented his own gory head to his commander-in-chief. Failure on President Truman's part to accept it would have subordinated the greatest office in the world to a plotting professional soldier.

MacArthur was the most serious issue that we had to face. He may not have been aware of it, but the attainment of his objective would have been of the greatest possible aid to the Kremlin. A war with China, for which he was contriving and in which, by devious and disloyal means, he was trying to embroil us, would have meant the destruction of Western Europe and, ultimately, of us. MacArthur would have fed his insatiable appetite for power and glory at the expense of his country. The people of the United States would not take his quest for the Presidency seriously but even that could make no impression upon an egomaniac. By intrigue he would achieve the personal power for which he thirsted.

**Fortunately** for the United States and Western civilization, President Truman has brought to an abrupt end the careening career of this man who, totally wanting in self-discipline, was, with sputtering torch in hand while drunk with bootlegged power, weaving in and out among open powder kegs which could have been ignited by a single vagrant spark into an explosion that could have shaken the world. What greater encouragement could Russia have had than a continuing commitment of our men and resources to an attempt to pick our uncertain way among the limitless hordes of China?

Sending Secretary of the Army Pace to contain this raging egoist was like commissioning a canary to bell the cat. The outstretched neck called for the ax wielded by the strong Presidential arm. Fortunately, the ax was ready to the hand. With the future of the civilized world at stake, there could be no shirking an unpleasant task, bravely performed by a President whose essential courage cannot be doubted.

The people, who do not believe that a general in uniform should determine or even be publicly heard on international policies, especially when the situation is as dangerous and brittle as it is today, will rally to the support of their President in the performance of a duty that has not been of his creation. They will applaud, as they always have, positive and courageous action. Confidence will be revived in the hearts of those who were concerned about what they regarded as a failure to lead. Here was leadership of a high order.

That MacArthur has had unscrupulous political and newspaper support in this country, there can be no doubt. His indiscreet and insubordinate communications to shabby politicians at home have been given promptly to the press and made the occasion of partisan speeches intended to disturb and disunite people whose only hope of salvation and security lies in marching shoulder to shoulder under the leadership that they have themselves chosen. Men such as Minority Leader Joe Martin, who engaged in a grossly improper correspondence with MacArthur, may ostentatiously clothe their bodies in the hand-me-down garb of patriotism, but, perhaps without realizing it, they have exposed their souls in all of their hideous starkness. Martin and Senator Bridges of New Hampshire, together with others of their ilk, would have brought MacArthur home as a conquering hero to tell the nation's civilian rulers what to do in the Far East. It was even proposed by the very junior Sen. Homer Ferguson of Michigan and his claque that a bipartisan Congressional committee be sent to Tokyo to make their humble obeisance before MacArthur and thus furnish an occasion for feeding more columns of his disloyal opinions into the presses and the radio circuits of the world, to the further confusion of already confused peoples. I suppose that we should be grateful to Senator Ferguson for not offering a joint resolution calling for the mass departure of Congress to Japan at public expense to do MacArthur abject homage.

Even such Republicans as these should rejoice over President Truman's manly action. Apparently, they had not reflected that to exalt MacArthur above the President might be hoisting a petard for their own possible destruction in the future. When their party returns to power, as it may do some day when it has developed more responsible leadership, a Republican Administration might find itself shorn of power by a politically ambitious Supreme Commander. A bad precedent, conceived in partisan passion and born in the police patrol on the way to the hospital, might develop into a misshapen monstrosity.

HAROLD L. ICKES

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# BOOKS IN REVIEW

## WHITE AFRICA AND RED CHINA

### MALAN'S STATE

**by John Hatch**

ONE DAY last May when I was in Cape Town, a bookseller whom I knew quite well took me into a corner of his shop and surreptitiously showed me an advertisement for a new book. Its title was *Twilight in South Africa* and its author Henry Gibbs, a well-known British novelist. Something of the atmosphere of life in South Africa may be glimpsed from the fact that this prominent bookseller thought it necessary to treat Gibbs's book in much the same way that the German booksellers handled any publication in the least degree critical of the National Socialist regime. He warned me that it would almost certainly be banned by the government (this fear proved unfounded), but promised to keep me a copy if he could manage to smuggle one in.

TWILIGHT IN SOUTH AFRICA, by Henry Gibbs (Philosophical Library; $2.75).

Mr. Gibbs made a strenuous tour of the Union and did not content himself with its surface appearance. He took the trouble to meet leaders of the Indian and colored communities; he talked with General Smuts, with government and provincial officials, and he visited some of the notorious urban slums and native shanty towns. He dug into the ideas and backgrounds of the members of Dr. Malan's government, and he has reproduced some of the facts of the shocking health conditions of the non-European population. He went more closely than any other outside observer into South Africa's industrial world, and he discusses in detail the alarming acceleration of soil erosion. Perhaps the most striking passages are those on the danger offered by members of the present government to the whole democratic fabric of the South African state. Yet Mr. Gibbs tends to fall into the error of other overseas reporters by overemphasizing the responsibility of the present Nationalist Government for the difficulties of the nation. It is only by fully understanding the problems raised in this most significant of plural societies that the political pattern can be truly appreciated.

**The Union of South Africa** is comprised of 2,600,000 Europeans and 9,600,000 non-Europeans. The Europeans claim that they have built an outpost of Western civilization in this southernmost tip of the continent, a civilization which can only be maintained by white supremacy. The non-Europeans counterclaim that they have played a vital part in building their nation and are entitled to the fruits of their labor.

Meanwhile, South Africa has been undergoing a slow but steady industrial revolution which has brought increasing numbers of non-Europeans into the towns and into closer contact with Europeans. Some of them have acquired an education and culture equal to that of the Europeans, and naturally demand equal political and social rights. But the vast majority of the urbanized non-Europeans have been compelled, through the lack of adequate housing, health and educational amenities, to live in some of the most appalling urban slums in the world, which fact in its turn reinforces the Europeans' feeling of superiority. They unjustly identify the colored skin with primitive tribalism in rural areas and slum habits in the towns. Yet the administrative collapse brought about by this developing urbanization is not the responsibility solely of the Nationalists. Most of it occurred during the Smuts regime and the General and his United Party never evolved a consistent policy with which

(*Continued on page 19*)

### END OF A MYTH

**by Harry Roskolenko**

ODD AS it may seem, the 1950 Republican election gains came in part from the misgivings regarding our postwar policy in China. While Communists and innocents were working Mao Tse-tung's thesis of "agrarian reformers" to the bone, an energetic Communist Party was preparing to take power. In line with this we were asked, and it was almost official, to "wait-and-see-the-dust-settle" in China; and it did, but right into our eyes. Senator Knowland and the Republican Party en masse merely picked apart the agrarian tales told by the "old hands" and saw that it was an issue good enough almost to win an election for them. What was obscure to many a few years ago becomes clear to everyone with the advent of the Korean War and the intervention of the Chinese Communists. It is farewell to a myth.

TWO KINDS OF TIME, by Graham Peck (Houghton Mifflin; $4).
PEKING DIARY, by Derk Bodde (Henry Schuman, Inc.; $3.75).

These two volumes on China merge briefly on one thought, the Third Force, which no longer seems possible, no matter how many kinds of *time* we have. The Third Force was crippled by the Nationalists; the Communists absorbed what they left, or quieted them, and the State Department completed the rout. Those of us who favored it for China found few backers in official circles.

From Graham Peck we get a rambling book of his picaresque days in China as a river-sitter and artist, a modern Huck Finn describing a series of vivid impressions on the folkways of China prewar and postwar. He discusses, *à la* Robert Payne, everything about China, but on a less complex level. What emerges is

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to meet the problem. Having accepted the fact that, with the exception of the Communists and a few liberals, the Europeans were determined to remain supreme, the Smuts government tried to enforce segregation while also trying to develop the very industrialization that was to render this policy futile.

The Nationalists are caught in the same trap, but, because of their greater fanaticism about color-consciousness, are rigidly riveting a program of racial segregation on to the nation, even at the expense of industrial progress. Some of them sincerely believe that total *apartheid*, with the eventual segregation of non-Europeans and Europeans into separate states, would be to the benefit of both peoples. It is a pity that Mr. Gibbs did not talk to any of the leading Nationalist theoreticians and politicians, for he would have been able to gauge from such conversations the depths of tragic confusion resulting from the mixture of sincere idealism, fanatical racialism and sheer political expediency.

In pursuing their policy, the Nationalists are, of course, aggravating the racial strife which was developing under Smuts. As Mr. P. S. Joshi has recently pointed out in *Apartheid in South Africa*, if Christ were alive today He would not be admitted to South Africa, and if He were already in the country He would be segregated as an Asiatic.

So far, no alternative policy to that of segregation, whether on the rigid Nationalist or more confused United Party lines, has been consistently propounded. How can democratic equality apply in a society in which all economic power is in the hands of a minority caste? How can social freedom be instituted without causing miscegenation? Can political democracy develop without the minority European community being overwhelmed and thrown out of the country? Is the answer the development of a coffee-colored nation, a system of federation, or parallel development by the several peoples? No answer has yet been given, and we cannot expect to find it in Mr. Gibbs's book. But, as he conclusively shows, whatever the answer may be, it cannot be that of instituting an artificial caste system based on pigmentation, for that can only lead to a keener sense of injustice, violent conflict and national tragedy.

Not least among the interests of this book is its beautiful collection of photographs on different aspects of a lovely country.

**John Hatch, a member of the faculty of the University of Glasgow, made an extended trip to the Union of South Africa last summer, and discussed his findings in a series of articles for "The New Statesman and Nation."**

(Continued from page 18)

an overlong (725-page) book, written loosely if wittily on old material, with clever pen-point illustrations to match the text. Peck had a good time, a colorful, adventurous interlude before the civil war burst out again. Politically, he holds the naive hope that America could have made "the Kuomintang-Communist contest bloodless, a political rather than a military matter." The

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Hurley-Marshall missions had just that in mind, a coalition of the Communists and Nationalists, which is all right for amateurs in politics.

**The Bodde family** arrived in China at the end of August, 1948. Dr. Bodde had been there before, on various jobs and research projects, during the "peaceful years" of 1931-37. Bodde, a professor of Chinese at the University of Pennsylvania, knows China; in 1948 he went back to translate a book by a Chinese philosopher, under the auspices of the Fulbright Act. While Peking was under "siege," he was struggling "to render into understandable English the terms of eight forms of consciousness discussed in a particularly abstruse seventh-century school of Chinese Buddhism." In his work Bodde met the elite and the masses, Communist sympathizers and Nationalists, but very few Communists. He lived well, had servants and was a student of all things, especially consciousness on every level.

Out of the Fulbright year came *Peking Diary*, a minute examination addressed to the Lao Pai Hsing, the "Old Hundred Names," as the people are called. China was still a land of verbalism (like France) and hardly any deeds. Any party with a program and energy could take it over. And Peking was different from 1931; there was now total disintegration from the top levels down to the people. The students camped out at the "Temple of Heaven" and no longer bothered about studies. The professors, poverty-stricken, wrote trash to pay the rent. Bodde saw another China, pervaded by corruption and horror.

The author reports everything he sees and hears. He knew soldiers who knew Nationalists who had sold arms to the Communists. He saw the merchants strike against the Nationalist Government's ceiling price on food, and he listened to a Chinese intellectual, allegedly not interested in politics, speak of his conversion to Communism as the "lesser of two evils," to an attack on American policy by the same man, who protested that he was not pro-Russian while expounding the agrarian myth.

The corruption of the despoiling cliques within the Kuomintang is detailed, and its incapacity to inspire the Chinese; but after many a fact of this kind we must get to a thesis, or we are compiling a book for the political horror-trade. While Bodde has his own measure of "objectivity," we do see a straight thread running through the book, of the Edgar Snow variety, the kind that presents "facts" and endows a proletarian, Communist-dominated *hammer* revolution with the *sickle* of agrarianism.

In summary Bodde concludes that the Chinese Communists "are masters in their own house"; that Chinese Communism is different; that while Bodde may prefer the middle-of-the-road, Mao said no middle road was possible, and *we* must establish a "modus vivendi" with the new forces of China. Though Bodde has many objections to what he found in Communist China, he has reacted, it seems to me, as a groundbreaker for them. He objects to Marxism as a philosophy, but then he notes how well former Confucian scholars have embraced the results of Marxism. In trying to strike an objective balance, Bodde, despite his humanistic verities, is the liberal who espouses some totalitarian concepts in his *affaire* Peking.

The political naiveté of both authors has been neatly exposed by recent events. To be anti-Nationalist is simple and popular; but too many have fallen into a Communist trap by pursuing a negative "wait-and-see" policy. Though we have failed in the creation of a Third Force for China, we are not too late for wisdom in other areas of the Far East.

**Harry Roskolenko, poet and critic, freelanced in the Orient during 1946-47. He has written a novel on Japan.**

## SCIENCE AND MELODRAMA

MY SIX CONVICTS, by Donald Powell Wilson (Rinehart; $3.50).

DONALD POWELL WILSON took his job at Fort Leavenworth—now a civilian penitentiary—with no experience of criminal society; he emerged three years later still naively astonished that men in prison are in many respects like other men. If this seems surprising in a professional student of human nature—Dr. Wilson is a professor of psychology who was assigned by the federal government to study narcotic addiction in Fort Leavenworth—it is not the only surprise in a fascinating book.

The author absorbed an enormous amount in his three years' residence in the festering life of this abnormal community. Blessed apparently with a spontaneous writing talent, he projects with insight and excitement the prison's under-the-surface turbulence, its callous selfishness, its aura of suspicion and danger, its hidden "shivs" and other home-made weapons, its bitter feuds, sudden stabbings, escapes and attempted escapes, its uprisings and violent death. In the course of his narrative Dr. Wilson also discusses the defects of our prison system, our administration of courts, district attorneys' offices and other important aspects of catching, convicting and penalizing criminals.

**Such matters** have been dealt with in books before, but Dr. Wilson dramatizes the material by projecting it psychologically through the inmates themselves, particularly the six who were his assistants on the project. For this reason I was interested in the book, absurd though it is in many ways, and I think my fellow penologists will share my interest. Lay readers will find ample excitement in this slice of submerged life; they are advised to take it with a grain of salt.

Dr. Wilson seems to have gone out of his way in places to scotch the myth that scientists are necessarily scientific in method or thinking. As indicated, he cannot adjust himself to the fact that convicts, like other human beings, fall in love, marry, divorce, worship, are proud of their children, and are alternately generous, kind-hearted, cruel, jealous, vengeful, envious. He appears to fall for that oft-repeated complaint of criminals that the only difference between them and men at liberty is that the latter haven't been caught. He records approvingly their contention that unjailed individuals cheat on their income taxes, make false claims in advertising and commit similar offenses against the state, ignoring the difference between an amateur chiseler and one who makes a career of crime.

More objectionable than such lapses

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are Dr. Wilson's over-dramatizations. While his prisoner characters on the whole are excellent examples of the species, and the inmates' dialogue evidence that he has a perfect ear, he nevertheless spins such treacly sentimentalities into his stories that they fall far below the line of plausibility. This reviewer cannot credit some of the episodes. It is true that now and again life imitates the rich foreshadowings and pat solutions of slick fiction, but when a scientist's memoirs contain a succession of such heart-throbbing novelettes, it is fair to surmise that he has learned his narrative methods in a popular school.

Nor do I quite swallow Dr. Wilson's fairly frequent tales of the prisoners' fantastically efficient "grapevines," how by inspired finagling, they manage to move mountains in the outside world. Among other "cloak and dagger" feats, they have his room in the town searched when they are still suspicious of him; they get him a new car because it hurts them to see him driving an old one; they appoint friends to protect him when he goes on certain missions; they offer to "bump off" anyone he dislikes.

Prisoners do occasionally "fly kites"—that is, smuggle uninspected letters out of "stir"—and, to a moderate degree, they pull wires beyond the institution. But if the prisoners at Fort Leavenworth are able to perform the Houdini-like exploits described by Dr. Wilson, the administration of this government penitentiary has become so loose it's a wonder the inmates don't shake themselves out of the place and go home.

Distortions aside, the major part of the story furnishes engrossing information on what happens to a man when he is convicted of a crime and thrown into close contact with several thousand other men similarly deprived of practically every adjunct of normal living.

The movies have bought *My Six Convicts* and it is to be hoped that the producer will stress these valuable angles, a forlorn hope, admittedly, in view of the tempting script that Dr. Wilson provides. JOSEPH FULLING FISHMAN

**Joseph Fulling Fishman, formerly sole inspector of prisons for the US Government, is Deputy Commissioner of Correction of New York City. He is the author of many books and articles on penology.**

## FICTION PARADE

THE BROKEN ROOT, by Arturo Barea (Harcourt, Brace; $3.50).

ARTURO BAREA'S two previous books, *Lorca: The Poet and His People* and *The Forging of a Rebel*, establish him both as a scholar with a fine feeling for his native Spain's literary tradition and as a perceptive front-line opponent of Franco during the 1937 revolution. In *The Broken Root* Barea, who now lives in England, has thinly veiled in novel form his own experience as a refugee returning to post-war Spain. His portrait of a country still helplessly festering under its Falangist regime is exceedingly sharp, but Barea is patently more at home as reporter than as novelist.

Antolin, reunited with his family in Madrid after spending ten years of exile as a waiter in London, is a faceless character acting as a reflector for the author's bitterness over his country's current corruption. Antolin's family — two grown sons turned pimp and Communist respectively, a daughter who has found a smug refuge from her squalid surroundings in the Church, and a wife who finds her escape in spiritualism—serves as a cross-section of human degradation in a quarter of Madrid where "you can hear your next door neighbor use the chamber pot." But the cross-section is too pat, and once these unfortunates are presented in full environmental unloveliness, they are left to fend for their sordid little selves. Barea does take the trouble to deal out a heavy dose of Nemesis here and there, but otherwise his characters remain disconcertingly static. RICHARD HOLDEN

THE PLACE OF THE LION, by Charles Williams (Pellegrini & Cudahy; $3).

IN CHARLES WILLIAMS' seventh novel to be published here, we have the same essential set of actors battling for the same essential vision, grace and grail; and though the matter by which plot is projected may be different (Tarot cards, darkest Africa, necromancers, or, as in this case, Platonic archetypes), the nature of the battle is always the same. And sooner or later it must inevitably occur in the same place—the world between worlds, the "other" side of reality. Clearly Williams is as much at home in *that* world as some people are in Brooklyn. And it is interesting that the world of the marvelous (always, of course, in moral terms) is just the world children are encouraged for a while to live in but adults are usually forbidden. It was never forbidden to Williams and all of his work carried the conviction that "the only real world" is precisely *that* world.

His novels are thus less novels than parables or, say, moral fables, employing sometimes spectacular and often esoteric knowledges which are happily not popularized but are made sufficiently transparent to work excitingly in plot terms. Clearly Williams is fascinated by plot because as a vehicle it serves his imaginative and moral intentions so well. He is far less interested in people and therefore they are usually a mere washpaint dimension like the flat personifications of an allegory. They are either good—i.e., loving, intellectually informed, disciplined, and seeking for the truth—or they are grasping of power and ready to use anybody or anything to get it.

Inasmuch as Williams' novels are pitched at some moment of crisis when the world is about to be lost, and inasmuch as the holocaust is always averted at the final moment by some angelic gesture of all-comprehending love and wisdom, they are interestingly apt for our day, though, one is inclined to fear, not entirely prophetic. Because *The Place of the Lion* deals with one theme (the return of Matter to its Idea) carried to its most incredible length, it is the purest example of his kind of novel, dedicated to idea and moral argument. JEAN GARRIGUE


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## MUSIC: Low-Priced Records

A PRICE WAR may be in the offing in the record field if Remington Records, now the largest American "independent" (i.e., not RCA Victor or Columbia), continues to prosper. At $1.49 for a 10-inch LP record and $1.99 for a 12-inch record, the cost of any musical work in the Remington list is only a trifle more than a third the cost of its counterpart in the catalogues of Columbia, RCA Victor and such smaller independents as Mercury, Capitol, Concert Hall, Decca and Allegro.

Donald Gabor, president of Remington, a former clerk in the RCA Victor office, attributes his low price scale to three factors. He makes no contracts with top-price artists; he uses a new and cheaper substitute for vinylite, which is almost, but not quite, as free from surface noise; and he employs no "vast network of salesmen, district and branch managers and branch officers" to distribute his records. Aiming at mass distribution, he persuaded Macy's to place a trial order for 20,000 records. They were sold in a single day, and Macy's is now Remington's largest customer.

**In order to make** a fair sampling of the Remington output, I selected 21 items from the list and listened to them painstakingly from both the musical and the technical points of view. Since Remington has not yet put into practice its plan to make records in the Webster, Mass., plant that presses the excellent London ffrr recordings, my 21 examples were all recorded in Europe. Apparently they were made at different times and under different conditions, for the quality of the engineering is excessively variable. The best recordings do not quite measure up to the level of first-rank American reproductions; the poorest are distinctly inferior in balance, texture and fidelity. Similarly, the artists—with one or two exceptions, entirely unknown in this country—are of all sorts and stripes. Several of the interpretations are eminently satisfactory; some are downright bad. At present it is wise not to buy a Remington record without hearing it first.

The best orchestral performance in the group I listened to is Haydn's Symphony No. 101 ("The Clock"), conducted with taste by Fritz Busch, played expertly by the Austrian Symphony Orchestra, and cleanly and brightly recorded. Mozart's A major Violin Concerto, played by Eva Hitzker and the Salzburg Festival Orchestra under the direction of Fritz Weidlich, is also in every way enjoyable. Brahms's First Symphony, played by the Viennese Symphonic Society under H. Arthur Brown, conductor of the Tulsa, Oklahoma, Philharmonic Orchestra, is a creditable job; and so is Rimsky-Korsakov's glittering Suite from "Le Coq d'Or," recorded by George Singer and the Symphony Orchestra of the Viennese Symphonic Society, whatever that may be. On the other hand, I advise you to shun the Remington versions of Mozart's G minor Symphony, Dvorak's New World Symphony, Brahms's Second Symphony, Schubert's Unfinished Symphony and Mozart's D minor Piano Concerto. All these performances are either low-grade musically or unsatisfactory acoustically, or both.

Jorg Demus and Alexander Jenner, neither of whom I ever heard of, appear to be the best of Remington's pianists. Mr. Demus plays Schubert's Moments Musicaux, Op. 94, with a buoyant lilt, and gives musicianly accounts of two Beethoven sonatas, Op. 109 and Op. 110. He plays the Fifth French Suite of Bach with skill and clarity, though this music sounds much better on the harpsichord. Mr. Jenner offers sensitive and attractive performances of the Chopin Etudes, Op. 25. In all these records the piano sounds reasonably well, though not as well as it can in the best full-price products.

My list included only three chamber-music works—Beethoven's Septet and Archduke Trio and Dvorak's String Sextet. All three turned out to be workmanlike but undistinguished. Georges Enesco's playing of Bach's E minor Sonata for unaccompanied violin offers, like Enesco's appearances in public, painful proof that even a fine musician cannot play an instrument effectively without adequate technique. The only vocal record I heard contained two arias from Puccini's "Turandot," in which Anne Roselle's no-longer-young soprano voice cried aloud for the support of an orchestra instead of a distant and tinkly piano, and five German and Russian songs, which are not Miss Roselle's best genre.

In sum, I was able to give a clean bill of health to eight records out of twenty-one. Some of the rest are honest cut-rate values that are in no way comparable to the average standard product. Perhaps the batting average will improve in the future, although nearly all the artists whose contracts with Remington have been announced are, to put it coldly, average: Enesco, Karin Branzell, Albert Spalding, Richard Bonelli, Giovanni Martinelli, Efrem Zimbalist and Maria Jeritza. While I sincerely hope that Remington will provide a quality of competition that will bring record prices down throughout the field, I cannot see that it is doing so yet.

**Seven more records** in RCA Victor's Treasury of Immortal Performances have arrived for review, bringing the total to twelve. Four of these are almost bewildering in their rich outlay of a kind of vocalism we seldom hear today—"Chaliapin as Boris," "Golden Duets," "Golden Age Ensembles" and "Composers' Favorite Interpretations" (including arias by Mary Garden from "Louise," Lotte Lehmann from "Der Rosenkavalier" and Geraldine Farrar from "Madama Butterfly"). In "Golden Voices Sing Light Music," Elisabeth Rethberg's performance of the Czardas from "Fledermaus" shames everyone who has sung it at the Metropolitan in the current revival. The other two records, largely (but not entirely) hokum, are "Caruso Sings Light Music" and "Sacred Songs." It is a comment on the editing of the series that Massenet's dreary "Elégie" appears twice, sung by both Caruso and Ponselle. CECIL SMITH

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# MOVIES

## Love and Maturity

THE DEFECTS of "Teresa," directed by Fred Zinnemann ("The Search" and "The Men") in an Italian village and in New York, are an over-complicated story, a tendency to thrust its subtleties down your throat, and a weakly easy ending. Its virtues are an honest and important central situation and the absorbing performances of two young actors, Pier Angeli and John Ericson. On balance, its successes outweigh its shortcomings.

The movie, from an original story by Alfred Hayes and Stewart Stern, runs into narrative difficulties in the character of its hero, Philip Cass (Ericson). A GI in Italy, he marries an Italian girl (Pier Angeli), goes with her for a lovely honeymoon in Rome, is shipped home and there comes face to face with the fact that he is not man enough to take care of the wife who is to follow him. Philip is a severe neurotic and for two separate reasons that break the picture down the middle. In the first place, he so fears that he is a replica of his weakling father that he cannot break out of childhood and his mother's destructive protection; in the second place, he was a coward under fire and cannot escape the guilt of being alive when his beloved sergeant is dead. A psychiatrist might agree that the one trouble worked on the other, but this duplication of neuroses is not integrated dramatically. The boy's relationship to his parents (played admirably by Patricia Collinge and Richard Bishop) contains the essential tragedy; the military sub-plot seems merely to keep the story from getting under way.

It is dangerous to predict on the basis of one performance, but Pier Angeli may be a fine new actress. She is lovely and very quiet, but with every gesture and expression she communicates the feelings of a vivid, intelligent personality. Ericson looks now like a less tough Marlon Brando but he could develop into an actor suggestive of no one but himself. He handles a difficult part—inarticulate, mulish, spineless—with an understanding that gives it individuality and genuine pain. "Teresa" is happily resolved at the end with one of those foreshortened movie psychoanalyses that make real-life neurotics gape with envy, but despite this glibness and its other difficulties the picture is worth seeing.

**Colette's "Minne"** is a follow up of her recent "Gigi." It is made by the same director (Jacqueline Audry) and contains substantially the same cast (Daniele Delorme, Franck Villard, Jean Tissier). It is also preoccupied, like its predecessor, with crinolined nymphs and bewhiskered satyrs in the Paris of Edward VII. A girl of unseemly innocence weds her timid cousin and, sadly cheated on her wedding night of she's not quite sure what, engages for a time in near-liaisons with representative males of her set. After three years of trotting about Paris in a way to suggest some incongruous barnyard similes, she consents to a second rendezvous with her husband and is pleasantly surprised, to say the least. All very droll, if you like elegant suggestiveness. People who regard sex as something more than total "post office" may find "Minne" an exercise in pointless *délicatesse*.

**A "B" picture** with a high-powered cast becomes a "naborhood feature," i.e., a routine assignment carried out with the slickest commercial efficiency. Two current examples are "I Can Get It for You Wholesale" (Susan Hayward, Dan Dailey, George Sanders and Sam Jaffe) and "The Scarf" (John Ireland, Mercedes McCambridge, Emlyn Williams and James Barton). The first, from Jerome Weidman's novel, is the story of a Becky Sharp of the garment district who must decide between success (Sanders) and love (Dailey) and who is assisted to her choice by Cupid (Jaffe). The second concerns a supposed homicidal maniac or scarf fiend (Ireland) who is helped in his struggle for rehabilitation by a philosophic turkey rancher (Barton) and "Cash and Carry Connie of Level Louie's" (Miss McCambridge). Emlyn Williams' role is predictable.

ROBERT HATCH

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